

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1911

NUMBER 14



STILL HAPPY.

New Year's Hymn.

Another year is awning,
Dear Father, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee!
Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving,
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

For The Beacon.

How Jeffy learned Courage.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

When Jeffy was five years old, he began to go to school.

"Now you are a big boy, aren't you?" said Uncle Geoff.

But Jeffy hung his head.

"Mamma says Jeffy won't be a big boy until he gets over being afraid in the dark," said Jeffy's sister Nell.

Then Jeffy was ashamed, dreadfully ashamed. But he didn't get over being afraid in the dark.

"I can't help it," he said.

But one day in January Jeffy came home from school with his eyes glowing.

"It's Gen. Putnam's birthday," he said. "Gen. Putnam was one of the bravest men that ever lived. Teacher told us about him. She said we boys should try to be brave like him."

"How about being afraid in the dark?" said teasing Nell. "Was Putnam afraid in the dark?"

"No, no!" Jeffy fairly shouted. "What do you think he did when he was just a young fellow? There was a dreadful wolf that went out to the farms every night and ate up the sheep and the chickens and turkeys, and killed the dogs and everything. And the farmers had tried and tried to kill it;

but they couldn't, because it always ran into its den that had just a little bit of an opening in it, so that they couldn't get in without the old wolf jumping at them and maybe killing them.

"And they had made fires and burned sulphur and everything, to drive the wolf out of the den, so that they could get it, and they couldn't. Then Gen. Putnam—only he wasn't a general then—went at midnight, when everything was black, right into the den. And of course the wolf jumped at him to pull him down, and just when it jumped and snarled—why, Putnam shot it.

"He wasn't afraid of anything, Gen. Putnam wasn't. Why, once when the Britishers were chasing him and he couldn't get away any other way, he rode his horse right down the side of the hill where it was as steep as the school-house stairs or maybe steeper. And the Britishers, they didn't dare to ride their horses down there, and so he got away.

"And once the Indians got him and were going to burn him to death—oh, there's lots about Putnam! He was just the bravest man you could ever think of, and I'm going to try to be just like him."

"How about being afraid to go in the dark alone?" said Nell again.

"I ain't never going to be afraid of it again," said Jeffy. "I ain't never going to be afraid of anything."

And, though his teacher might not like his grammar, she could not have helped liking his earnestness. After that he went everywhere that any one wanted him to in the dark and never asked anybody to go with him.

"What a lot of things children learn in school!" said Jeffy's mother happily.

For The Beacon.

Our Red-Coat Mystery.

(A Bicycle Story.)

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

Part I.

"It will be the best fun yet!" shouted Billy Wales.

"Well, you needn't knock me down about it!" said Jim Bell, rubbing the shoulder which Billy had slapped so vigorously.

Billy laughed. So did I. So did all of the boys, for we were in a very jolly mood.

"We can't help giving you a few love-pats, Jim," said Reddy Howe, "for we know that you've suggested just the novelty we've been hunting for!"

"That's true!" we shouted. "Jim's all right! So is his scheme!"

The scheme about which we felt so enthusiastic was— Well, suppose I tell you in Jim's own words.

"Boys," said Jim, as we sat resting after our game on the village common, "the new Branton road was finished to-day. It's the widest, smoothest road anywhere in this district. It's just the road for biking, and I've been thinking that we couldn't do anything better than to form a bicycle club and use Branton road for our Speedway. Bicycles may not be so up-to-date as airships, but there's lots of fun with them; and, now that we've got a fit place to use them, why not do it? We might organize a real cycle club and take a spin every night, along toward dark, when it's nice and cool. What do you say?"

It was the right suggestion at the right time, and, as you have read, we welcomed it at once.

The next week was a lively one for us all. Few of the boys owned bicycles, most of us having come into our "teens" after bicycles had ceased to be so universally popular. Few of us knew how to ride well: some of us did not know how to ride at all. But we had the bicycle fever in earnest. If we had no bicycles, we determined to get them, and we felt sure that learning to ride would be a matter of only a few days.

We had agreed to meet in the village square on the evening of the following Saturday, and each of us had solemnly promised to have some kind of a bicycle by that time.

The sight we presented when we gathered around the public fountain that evening was a funny one. People stared at us and laughed at us, and threw us many saucy words. The local reporter even put us into print like this:

BICYCLE CRAZE REVIVED!

LOCAL BOYS FORM NEW CLUB.

Special.—The Branton Road Bike Club held its first meeting last evening. The Club has fifteen members. Each member has a bicycle. Each bicycle is a relic of days gone by. There is even one high-wheeler.

The boys say that they hope to get new wheels later on. We hope so, too. Branton Road looks too well for such worn and weary machines as those which the Bike Club members are now using.

This item did not make us angry. It made us laugh, for every word of it was true. Our bicycles, with two or three exceptions, were relics, and "worn and weary" looking ones. We had patched and straightened and strengthened them to the best of our ability, but relics they still remained.

The high-wheeler which the reporter mentioned belonged to Chubby Jenks.

"Laugh, if you want to! I couldn't get nothin' else in time for this meeting!" Chubby explained. "Cousin Joe had two things, this and an old tricycle. Goodness knows I hated to take this; but, since a bike can't have but two wheels, and this was the only two-wheeled thing I could get, I took it! You bet I won't keep it very long, though!"

No wonder Chubby objected to the high-wheeler. He had severely strained his short legs learning to ride the awkward affair, and now, although he said he had thoroughly learned, he took no less than ten good tumbles every half hour.

Our first meeting consisted chiefly of laughs at good-natured Chubby, and vows on the part of each member to secure a wheel worthy of Branton Road as soon as pocketbooks allowed.

To be continued.

Good-bye, Old Year.

Good-bye, Old Year! I can but say,
Sadly I see thee passing away;
Passing away with hopes and fears,
The bliss and pain, the smiles and tears,
That come to us all in all the years.

Good-bye, Old Year! With words of grace
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
"Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

Robert's Playmates.

BY HILDA RICHMOND.

"Mamma! What do you think? Robert won't let us play with his new ball," said Ethel. "He says he's too big to play with us little children, since he's seven years old."

"And, mamma, he says the big boys have asked him to bring his baseball and bat to the Commons to play with them. Can't we go, too?" asked Ralph.

"No, dearie, you are too little," said Mrs. Holland. "You children play nicely here together until I get my peaches canned, and then we will have a little tea party."

"You can't play ball, Ralph," said Robert, coming into the sitting-room just then. "You stay and have a good time with Ethel. I can't be bothered looking after you."

Of course Ralph and Ethel cried to go along when he marched out of the gate with his baseball outfit that Uncle Frank had sent for his birthday and the bag of marbles swinging from his arm that his mamma had given him. He wanted to take some of his other gifts to play with, but Mrs. Holland said the marbles and ball outfit would do for his first day with the older lads, and Robert walked along in a very important way, whistling as he went.

"Hello, Robert! Just in time for a game!" cried the boys of ten and eleven who were getting ready on the Commons for a game of ball. "That's a dandy ball! Let us try it!"

"I'll try the glove," said another boy, carelessly putting the new glove on his dirty hand. "Yes, I think I can use it. Rob, you run off there and look out for stray balls. Hustle along now!"

Robert saw his cherished possessions divided around among the boys, while he stood in the hot sunshine looking for balls that came his way. He was soon tired and cross and very warm, and could see no fun in the game at all.

"I—I don't like you to spoil my glove like that," he ventured to say as he saw the dirt from the muddy ball on it. "And I don't like to have my new ball rolled in the mud."

"Then take your things, baby, and go home," said the boys, throwing his poor soiled outfit down before him. "Run along now. We can't be bothered with you any longer."

Robert picked up his things and went home with great tears streaming down his cheeks. What would Uncle Frank and Aunt Amy and all of them say when they heard how their gifts were spoiled? He could scarcely see the crooked little path across the Commons for the big tears. Under the apple trees he could see several little dinner parties going on, though he knew it was only one that the tears multiplied. Of course the little children would not want him now, and he would have nobody to play with again in his life.

"Come on, Robbie! You are just in time," cried Ethel. "We saw you coming and waited. We have the loveliest pink lemonade you ever saw. Mamma made it, and Mrs. Packer sent the dearest tarts. Hurry up!"

The tears disappeared in a hurry, and soon five happy children were sitting around the

little table eating tarts and drinking lemonade just as if there were no big boys in the whole world.

"Mamma, isn't it nice they let me come back?" said Robert as his mamma came out with a plate of tiny sugared cookies. "I think they are the best playmates any boy ever had."

"I thought you would decide in that way when you went to play with the big boys," said his mother. "They are very kind to take you back, and I hope you will always remember it."

"I will," said Robert, soberly. "I am glad they want me again."

Sunday School Times.

Child and Man.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The child is father of the man,

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

At whose Home?

A beautiful little canary came flying by and settled down on the branch of a honeysuckle. "I'm so tired," he said. "I haven't found a really happy home yet. I'm sure, though, that no one would be unkind or unhappy in such a charming place as this. I think I'll make my home here."

But just then a dog came around the corner of the porch, limping and crying; for a boy was running after him, striking him cruelly with a big stick.

"Oh! Oh!" said the bird, and away he flew. "I couldn't stay there. That boy would surely be unkind to me." And he flew to a window sill of a fine stone house in a beautiful garden.

"What a lovely home! I'm sure I can stay here." But there were sounds of crying from the room within, and, peeping in, he saw two little sisters quarreling over a doll.

"Let go! That's my doll!" "No, you shan't have it! I want to play with it." And in the struggle the poor little doll was pulled to pieces.

"Dear, oh, dear!" chirped the poor little bird. "They might try to do that with me. I don't want to live here."

On he flew, from home to home, finding unkindness so often that at last he sank down worn out, on a porch to die, his poor little heart almost broken with sadness. Suddenly he felt a warm hand close over him, and a soft, kind little voice said: "Why, you poor little thing! O mother, see this dear little bird! Please let me keep him. I'll take good care of him, and not let a thing hurt him!"

"Very well, dear, you may. Now go and feed him."

And the little canary found happiness and kindness at last, and sang and made the little child happy for being so good to him.

Do you suppose any little bird would have to fly away sorrowfully from your home?—*Child's Gem.*



THE LITTLE WHITE HEN'S HOUSE.

(See Story.)

For The Beacon.

The Little White Hen.

BY EDITH LORING GETCHELL.

Once upon a time there was a little white hen who grew very proud of her pretty house under the apple tree; for it had a front door with a piazza and steps, a real window and a red chimney.

She wanted to be a fine lady, so she picked a bonnet from the yellow buttercups, she carried a toadstool for a parasol, and tucked under her wing a white daisy for a handkerchief and a sweet lily-of-the-valley for a smelling-bottle.



Then she started off for a walk. She took nice little steps, and felt so dressed up she began to think she was a real lady. At the corner of the old stone wall she met a turkey, who cried out, "Gobble-gobble! Gobble-gobble!" as much as to say, "You're only the little white hen."

She walked straight ahead, and never looked at him. Soon he called out again, "Gobble-gobble! Gobble-gobble!" She walked straight ahead, but this time she looked very cross.

Then he called after her, "Gobble-gobble! Gobble-gobble!" She was very angry, and

raised up her wings to fly away. The white daisy and the sweet lily-of-the-valley fell into the dust, and the wind carried off her parasol, and she found that, because she lost her temper, she could not even make believe she was a lady.

Happy New Year.

You know his name—that stranger wight
Who in the middle of the night
And just as Old Year drags away,
Comes dancing in, alert and gay.

It's "Happy New Year," isn't it?
And well the "Happy" seems to fit,
He is so bonny, glad, and gay
When first he comes with us to stay.

Why should he ever drop the name
Or change his nature? 'Tis a shame!
Let's keep him happy while he's here—
Or old or new, our "Happy Year."

EMILIE POULSSON, in the *Congregationalist*.

Believe in Yourself.

If you are to make your efforts count, you must believe in yourself, you must work expectantly and confidently. There is no use in saying, "I'll try," when your attitude is hopeless. No matter what you say nor what you intend, you cannot really try unless you work with the determination to succeed. Set your standard higher than "I'll try." Say, "I will accomplish it." Hold yourself to the purpose of doing what you have set out to do.

*Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before.*

Everything around us and within us is meant to bear a part in our education. The "life more abundant" is the only remedy for what we call evil.

CHARLES G. AMES.

For The Beacon.

Looms and Life.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

On this first day of 1911 I wish you a very happy New Year. Many others have made the same wish. If wishes had power to bring happiness, then you would surely be happy. If wishes were wings, you would be lifted over all the hard places upon the pathway of the new year. As you start off, all your family and friends wish you happiness.

And yet we are wise if we remember right now that wishes alone do not make happiness. It is pleasant, of course, to hear the wish, and there must be some real good done by the wishing; but to expect that the wishing alone is going to accomplish anything is very foolish indeed.

So we must remember that this year will be just what we make it ourselves. Happiness is always home-made. Heaven is just where we build it ourselves. Success will be the result of what we do, and not of what is done for us. This new year will be happy, not because our friends wished us happiness, but because we have done something to deserve happiness.

There is no better illustration of life than that of a loom. Have you ever been in a cotton or woolen factory, where cloth was being woven? If you have, and have seen the shuttles flying as the hundreds of threads were being woven together into the one piece of cloth, you will understand what I mean when I say this new year of life is just like the weaving of that cloth upon the loom.

This life is the loom upon which we weave the cloth of character. Every day we are weaving, making our characters what we will and laying away what we have woven. There will not be a day in all of this new year when you will not weave in something of good or bad into the fabric of your life.

Thoughts are the threads you weave. Every thought leaves something behind. Perhaps you have heard the saying, "As a man thinketh, so is he." You will be just as good and noble as your thoughts, and more. Every good thought leaves brightness and beauty behind, and every evil thought leaves a dark line, woven into the very cloth of your character.

This will be a happy new year to you if you weave in bright threads of beauty. Every thought of joy, of helpfulness, of sympathy, will be woven in to stay, and you will certainly be happy as you look upon their beauty. But, if you weave in thread-thoughts of hatred and selfishness, you cannot well be happy when you see the dark lines running through what would have been beautiful otherwise.

The secret of happiness, then, is in choosing threads that shall make one's character beautiful. When you see a dark thread being woven in, pick it out! Don't lose an instant in doing it, either, or it will be woven in to stay. Think happy thoughts, helpful thoughts, hopeful thoughts, and you will be sure to weave in beauty.

How could a person possibly be happy to look back over the life he had woven, and see that he had spoiled it by evil thoughts and careless deeds? What would it matter that his parents and friends had wished him a happy New Year on the first day, if he had not done his part in weaving wisely through all the other days and months that followed?

So, if you want happiness in 1911, get ready to earn it. In no other way can it

come to you. Be careful in your choice of thoughts, and see to it that no evil thread works its way in. If you want beauty, you must weave in beautiful thoughts. If you want strong character, weave in strong thoughts. If you want happiness, weave in happy thoughts, and give some of your bright threads to somebody else.

On this first day of the year we let memory unroll the web of our last year's weaving. Here and there are imperfections in it. Here is a place where the threads were snarled by our anger. Here is where a lot of black threads of prejudice were woven in. Here is where we selfishly pulled too hard, and spoiled the smoothness of the weaving.

As we look back upon it, and wish that we had been more wise, let us remember that, while we cannot do anything to make more beautiful the web of 1910, we have the chance before us now of weaving in only beauty in the web we weave in 1911. Shall we not make the most of the chance?

QUESTION BOX.

Of what use are written examinations in Sunday-school work?

A similar question was answered in this column a few weeks ago, but so many have challenged the position there taken that it seems well to return to it, if only to make clearer what that position really is. To write answers to questions serves to fix facts as verbal responses do not. Many a dull lesson might be brightened by giving the pupils paper and pencils and asking them to write answers to carefully prepared questions. In similar manner teachers may well ascertain from time to time how clearly the pupils have understood the teaching and how well they have remembered.

So far "written examinations" seem wholly beneficial. It is only when they are used as a means of testing the pupil's right to promotion that their value becomes doubtful. Such use of them savors of the hardness of the public school, and establishes a test for promotion wholly along intellectual lines. Even in the public schools officials sometimes set aside the results of written examinations, when convinced that the good of the pupil demands promotion more than the perfection of the system forbids it. If "the most important facts are persons," if "character and religion are always rather caught than taught,"—as President King asserts,—then a system that forbids a promotion to those who need it seems out of place in a school where personality counts for more than intellectuality, and character and religion are valued higher than ability to write down facts.

The sum of all is, Use written examinations in so far as and in such ways that they will promote efficiency in teaching, test the teacher's success in conveying clear ideas, and guide the teacher in further instructions. Do not use them to sift the pupils, permitting some to advance and holding some back. It is the teacher, after all, and not the pupil, who is tested in such examinations.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Little things are little things; but to do little things faithfully is a great thing.

RECREATION CORNER.

GREELEY, COL.

Dear Mr. Lawrence,—I received *The Beacon* to-day and have been very interested making out the puzzles, which I always look for first. I have found some of the answers and have made several enigmas and puzzles which I will send to you.

Respectfully submitted,

AMY WATERS.

P.S.—Rev. M. R. Kerr is the minister of our church.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 2, is a pronoun.

My 6, 7, 1, is the past of run.

My 4, 3, 8, 8, is a part of a sail.

My 8, 5, 10, 11, is to descend rapidly.

My 9, 12, is a conjunction.

My whole is a wonder of North America.

ERNEST E. LINSERT.

WINTER PUZZLE.

Add a letter to the present time and get a winter product.

Add a letter to indisposition, and get a winter product.

Take a letter from refined, and get a winter product.

Add a letter to a girl's name and get an article that is very popular in winter.

Add a letter to guided, and get a popular winter resort.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XIII.—Ludwig Beethoven.

ROW OF PINS.—Hat, shawl, stick, hair, breast.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Christmas.

PUZZLE.—

1	7	10	16
15	9	8	2
14	6	11	3
4	12	5	13

Many of our correspondents ask that their contributions to this department be used in the next number of *The Beacon*. We would be glad to do this if it would not be unfair to those whose puzzles we may have on hand.

Also, if we did use the material in the "next number" that we prepare, the paper containing it would not reach the sender for several weeks, each issue of the paper being arranged a long time in advance of the date it bears. Will our friends please remember this when wondering why their letters or puzzles are not found in the "Corner"?

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

LOWELL.

THE BEACON.

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